

**THE IMPOSSIBILITY OF FIRE**

is the best insurance. 75% of the fires start on the roof, but New Century Metal shingles are absolutely fire-proof and will protect your building from flying sparks and cinders—will also reduce cost of your fire-insurance—a fact well worth considering when figuring the cost of a new roof.

Our Shingle Book No. 25 is handsomely illustrated and tells all about these shingles. Write for a copy now—we mail it free.

Our Cahill Grates will give more heat for less money than any other grate on the market. Ask your dealer to show you Cahill Grates and be sure you buy no other.

**Sanitary Ceilings.** Southern Ornamental Metal Ceilings are Fire-proof, Rat, Mouse and Vermin-proof. Write for prices and full information. Made in the beautiful Louis XIV and Colonial designs—will add a hundred per cent to the beauty of the room.

**We Manufacture** all kinds of Sheet Metal Building Material. Also Architectural Cast and Wrought Iron Work. Write for prices.

**CHATTANOOGA ROOFING & FOUNDRY CO.**  
CHATTANOOGA, TENN.

**RIGBY-MOROW CO.**

## The "Mitchell" Farm Wagons

Having been on the market seventy-five years, and thoroughly tested in all climates and conditions, the Mitchell Wagon has become known as the

**LIGHT RUNNING MONARCH OF THE ROAD.**

The Wagon by which all others are measured, and the wagon which sells on its merits and not by extravagant advertising. Made by one firm without change of business policy for seventy-five years.

**T. B. Carsn, Ag't**

## Wetmur & Houston

Successors to

**MILLER & WETMER**

Respectfully select the continuance of your patronage, A full line of

**Hay, Grain, Flour and Oil Feed**

Always on Hand. 513 North Main St.

**THE FEED STORE, PHONE 205**

**ONLY \$3.85.**

We have just signed a contract to buy 100 Electric Irons and we have no use or need for them, except to sell them. We know that every housekeeper in Hendersonville occasionally finds the time when she would like to smooth a piece of ribbon, a dainty kerchief or something of this nature and wishes she had an iron "hot" at hand. Now here is where the Electric Iron makes good as it can be heated to the proper temperature in 3 minutes at a cost of only 1-5 of a cent and you can use it an hour for only 4c. Now knowing these facts and the great convenience you will find it, we want to put one of these Irons in every residence in town. By making the contract for 100 Irons we are able to sell them at only \$3.85 each. Phone 52 that you would like to try one and we will deliver it and demonstrate its operation.

**Hendersonville Light and Power Company**

**CORTRIGHT**

**METAL SHINGLES**

Laid 20 years ago are as good as new to-day and have never needed repairs. Think of it!

What other roofing will last as long and look as well? They're fireproof, stormproof, and very easily laid.

They can be laid right over wood shingles, if necessary, without creating dirt or inconvenience.

For prices and other detailed information apply to

**BLY R OTHERS.**

Henderson

## SLEEPY HEADS.

By GOODLOE THOMAS.

H! yo! Ho, yo! Chris'mus in de mawnin'!  
Bettah b'ist away, yo' kids, I's wa'nin'!  
Ol' folks' way am to set aroun' de grate  
Hatchin' rikolections till de houah gits late.  
Linkum Jeff'son, git to bed  
Fo' yo' lose dat sleepy head.

H! yo! Ho, yo! Chillun, des supposin'.  
While yo' settin' dere noddin' an' dozin'.  
Dat ol' Santa Claus comes a-prowl-in' aroun'.  
Ketchin' yo' awake when yo' should be soun'.  
Annabella, git onstripped,  
Fo' I has to sen' yo' whipped!

## DELICIOUS SODA WATER AND ICE CREAMS.

Our big 1910 Sanitary Iceless Soda Fountain is ready and is doing good business already.

We invite you to try its clean cold-wholesome-refreshing drinks.

**The Hunter's Pharmacy**

## NEW FALL STYLES

**MILLINERY, NOTIONS AND FANCY**

**GOODS.**

and perseverance. She evidently

**A. FICKER,**

Groceries.

**BUCKMEYER BROS.**

**FANCY**

**GROCERIES.**

Next Door to Postoffice.

Hendersonville, N. C.

## Leap's Prolific Wheat.

**The Most Prolific and Best of Milling Wheats**

Yields reported from our customers from twenty-five to fifty-two bushels per acre. When grown side by side with other kinds this splendid beardless wheat yielded from five to eighteen bushels more per acre on same land and under same conditions as other standard wheats.

Wherever grown it is superseding all other kinds and it should be sown universally by wheat growers everywhere.

Writes for price and "Wood's Crop Special" which contains new and valuable article, "How to grow big crops of wheat."

**T. W. WOOD & SONS, Seedsmen, -- Richmond, Va.**

We are headquarters for Farm Seeds, Grass and Clover Seeds, Winter Vetches, Dwarf Essex Rape, Seed Wheat, Oats, Rye, Barley, etc.

Descriptive Fall Catalog mailed free.

## GOWANS

**King of Externals**  
Is the Original in the field of external remedies for all forms of inflammation such as pneumonia, croup and colds. Nothing can approach Gowans. It stands supreme.

We have been selling Gowans Preparation for Pneumonia and Colds ever since it was put on the market, and have found it one of our most satisfactory sellers.

**CARPENTER BROS., Wholesale and Retail Druggists, Greenville, S. C., July 9, 1910.**

**BUY TO-DAY! HAVE IT IN THE HOME**

All Druggists. \$1. 50c. 25c. GOWAN MEDICAL CO., DURHAM, N. C.

Guaranteed, and money refunded by your Druggist

## THE CHRISTMAS BURGLAR MAN

"Is your father at home, kid?" He was not altogether an unpleasant looking man who addressed the question to a fair haired child alone on the veranda of a suburban villa late in the afternoon of the day before Christmas.

The little girl stopped playing, frowned prettily and answered: "My name's Muriel, not kid, and my papa never gets home till long after I've gone to bed. What's your name?"

The hulking fellow averted his eyes and answered her question by asking another: "Who else lives with you?" "Oh, my little brother—you haven't seen him, have you?—my mamma and Mary, Mary's the servant, you know."

"Good day, young 'un," said the tramp as he ambled away. "Muriel I'm called!" she shouted after him. "Will you come again?" "Thank'ee; I reckon I will," he answered.



"WHERE ARE YOU GOING NOW?" SHE ASKED.

completely recovered from dreamland, she looked at the tall figure beside her bed and gasped with delight when she realized that her long cherished desire was going to be carried out. Papa had often promised to play at burglars with her, and there he was, quite ready, with the black mask covering his eyes and a little lantern that gave only a wee light.

"Oh, papa," she cried, "you do look a funny burglar! We'll take ma's jewelry first. Won't she be surprised?" The midnight intruder nodded. "Where does ma keep it, Muriel?" he asked. "Burglars don't know where things are, you know. That's half the fun of it, eh?"

"Oh, you are funny, papa! Let's whisper softer. It's on the dressing table in one of the little drawers. S-s-sh!" Muriel felt herself lifted shoulder high.

"Now, then, ki—Muriel," he whispered, "when we pass your mamma's room, ki—Muriel, you just point to it and keep as quiet as a mouse. That's the proper way, isn't it?"

She nodded delightedly and did as he wished.

"Where are you going now?" she asked almost inaudibly as she was being carried downstairs.

"Why, somebody must keep watch. Don't you know that one burglar takes the things while another keeps watch?"

He carried her down into the cellar. It was very dark and cold, but Muriel said she wasn't afraid because they were only playing burglars.

"Now, then, ki—Muriel," he whispered, "you keep watch and don't make a noise." He slipped into her tiny hand one small bar of chocolate. "That's your share of the swag," he said and disappeared.

Muriel giggled when she thought of mamma's surprise. She listened a long time for return footsteps and wondered, after all, if papa had been caught. She was not at all comfortable, nor was she warm, and a few minutes later her pretty eyes closed, her head dropped, and she drifted into dreamland. Then she was awakened by her father. The mask was gone from the face, and he looked pale and troubled.

"Oh, you've come back!" she whispered, remembering the last caution she had received.

"Why are you here, dearie?" asked her father.

"You brought me, papa. Don't you remember—when we were playing burglars?"

Muriel's father telephoned to the police and reported the strange burglary. In the morning he spent an hour in convincing his little girl that he was not the man who wore the mask.

"Well, papa," she said in the end, "he was a very good Christmas burglar, wasn't he?"

## A MEMORABLE WATCH MEETING

NEW YEAR'S EVE came right in the middle of a series of "protracted meetings" which had been started in a little church in the northern part of Indiana some twenty-five years ago. The faithful few had been gathering night after night for a month, and not more than a dozen persons had knelt at the mourners' bench, including the chronic backsliders. When the opening hymn was announced all the seats had been taken, and a dense crowd of boys and young men occupied the space between the door and the last row of seats.

As the hours slipped by and the end of the old year approached the service changed into a season of prayer and testimony. The little clock which hung on the wall behind the pulpit finally pointed to 11 o'clock, and the



"GET DOWN ON YOUR KNEES OR I'LL SKIN YOU ALIVE!"

preacher arose to make one last supreme effort to reclaim some soul from eternal torment. At his direction the most zealous members of the congregation left their seats and mingled with the audience, looking for a chance convert.

It was at this critical moment that an unlooked for interruption disturbed the passing of the old year and marred the peacefulness of the meeting. Deacons Wiley and Mills had been so bold as to approach the godless crowd around the door and suggest that there was too much laughing and talking. They had even dared to tell two or three of the leading spirits that a failure to preserve order meant ejection from the church. The sound of loud talking suddenly reached the ears of the worshippers, and all heads turned toward the door. Loud curses and angry words, uplifted fists and stamping feet told that a fierce struggle was taking place. Out of the tangled mass presently came Deacons Wiley and Mills, each in triumphant possession of a panting, disheveled, fighting prisoner. The culprits were the sons of their captors, and against all their kicking and squirming they were forced slowly along the aisles on each side of the church to the mourners' bench, fighting every inch of the way.

"Get down on your knees, darn your picture!" commanded Deacon Wiley, seizing his son by the shoulders and allowing his indignation to gain the mastery. "Get down on your knees or I'll skin you alive when I get you home!"

"Keep your seats, brethren and sisters," exclaimed Rev. Ebenezer Harker. "This young man is sorry for what he has done, and we may yet save him from the wrath to come."

There was a suppressed titter from those who took the preacher literally. Sam Wiley, the wildest scamp that ever robbed a watermelon patch, looked at his father's stern, unyielding face and felt the grip tighten on his shoulders. He cast a furtive glance toward the women's "amen" corner and saw his mother's eyes filled with tears.

He turned to his right and saw his companion in misery. "Diddy" Mills, crying like a baby. Just for a moment he stiffened with pride, and then he felt his father's strong arms forcing him down on his knees. At the same time "Diddy" Mills went down under the pressure on his shoulders.

"Who will be the next to come forward?" shouted Rev. Ebenezer Harker, dancing back and forth before the pulpit with a joy he could not conceal. "The Lord bless these young men who have seen the error of their ways. Let us all unite in prayer."

Everybody prayed. Deacon Wiley leading the low, murmuring chorus with a fervent entreaty to his son to forego the wickedness of the world and unite with the church. When Deacon Wiley ceased Deacon Mills began to pray aloud for his wayward boy. It was very funny to the crowd around the door, but after awhile something seemed to choke their laughter. Sister Mills' high pitched and quavering voice arose in prayer, and there was a pathos in her appeal that started tears into the eyes of the roughest rowdy in the crowd. Sister Wiley, unable to restrain her emotions, joined her cries with those of Sister Mills. Suddenly a wave of increased excitement swept through the congregation. Two of the toughest young men of the town walked slowly down the aisles and knelt at the low railing. They were hardly down when two more came forward.

Such a revival was never known before in the history of the church as the one which started with the watch meeting that night. Rev. Ebenezer Harker said to himself that it was due to his powers as an exhorter. Two mothers believed in their hearts that the efficacy of prayer had been demonstrated in a wonderful manner. But suppose those muscular fathers had remained inactive. Would the protracted meetings have lasted another week?

## A SANTA CLAUS SONG



[Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.]

I'm as happy as a bird,  
Santa Claus,  
For I'm sure that you have heard,  
Santa Claus,  
How I'm hoping every day  
That you're really on your way  
And that soon we'll hear your sleigh,  
Santa Claus!

O, the dolls, Santa Claus!  
Oh, the toys, Santa Claus!  
Oh, the happy, happy, happy girls and boys!

Oh, how merrily we'll sing  
When we hear your sleighbells ring,  
For we love like everything,  
Santa Claus!



O, I hear your bells ringing,  
Santa Claus!  
I scarce can keep from singing,  
Santa Claus!

Oh, such gladness and such joy  
To each little girl and boy  
Comes when you are drawing nigh,  
Santa Claus!

O, the dolls, Santa Claus!  
Oh, the toys, Santa Claus!  
Oh, the happy, happy, happy girls and boys!

Oh, how merrily we'll sing  
When we hear your sleighbells ring,  
For we love like everything,  
Santa Claus!

## NEW "CHRISTMAS CAROL."

Not by Charles Dickens, but an insipient Parody on His Famous Story. Barley was dead to begin with. He was as dead as a doornail, which must be going some in the dead line, as people have been using a doornail as a simile of death for several centuries. But Smoodge was alive and kicking.

Smoodge kicked particularly against Christmas presents. He didn't believe in Christmas presents. Barley, his old partner, dead these seven years, hadn't believed in Christmas presents either.

When Smoodge shut up his warehouse and went home on Christmas eve—he lived in lodgings that had been Barley's—the doornail assumed an expression which he had never noted there before. The head of that dead doornail resolved itself into the head of Barley.

"Hey, Jacob; I thought you were dead!" cried Smoodge.

"So I am, Ebenezer," replied the vitalized doornail, "but I've come back to warn you that you will be visited at midnight by three ghosts, one after the other. So long, Eb!"

Barley's ghost again became a dead doornail. Smoodge went to bed and promptly at midnight was awakened by an apparition. It was the first of the three spirits. It seemed to crawl out from under his bed. It danced on the footboard of the bed.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Present Past," said the spirit.

"You look to me like one of those slippers my niece gave me last year," said Smoodge.

"You win," said the ghost and vanished.

Presently the second spirit arrived, doing a merry dance over the washstand.

"You look to me like another slipper," said Smoodge.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Present Present," said the spirit.

"Ha, I see," said Smoodge. "You're one of the slippers my niece is going to give me this year."

Whereat Spirit No. 2 smiled and vanished.

In a jiffy the third of the promised spirits came in. It jumped upon the bed and slapped Smoodge in the face.

"I'm on," said Smoodge; "you're another slipper."

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Present Future," said the spirit supernatural.

"Yes, I know," remarked Smoodge. "My niece will present you and your mate to me next Christmas. Because I'm an old man she never sends me anything but slippers. But these ghostly visits have taught me a lesson. Hereafter I'll be a better man. I'll give my niece a Chanticleer hat instead of the usual pair of gloves, and maybe next time she'll give me a topper."

T. SAPP.